

PICK YOUR OWN QUEST



ALICE IN WONDERLAND



Over 30
possible
endings!

CONNOR HOOVER

PICK
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PICK YOUR OWN QUEST



ALICE IN WONDERLAND

By
CONNOR HOOVER



ROOTS IN MYTH, AUSTIN, TX

Pick Your Own Quest: Alice in Wonderland

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A Root in Myth Book

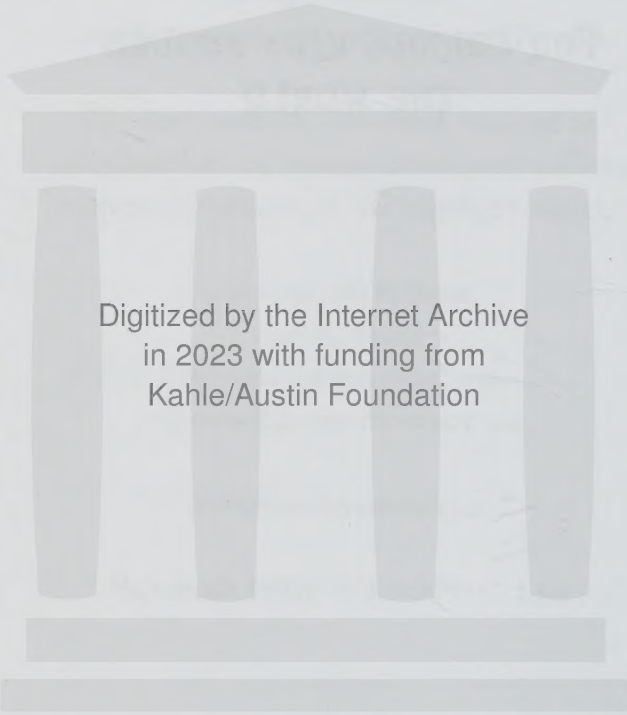
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FOR CURIOUS KIDS AROUND
THE WORLD



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Don't read this book like other books. If you read this book from front to back, nothing will make sense. But if you follow the instructions on each page, the story will come to life. Okay, the thirty-two stories. Because that's how this book works.

There are thirty-two different stories inside. Read the words on the page. Then, when it tells you to make a choice, you turn to the page that it tells you to turn to. One thing you have to keep in mind. You can't turn back.

If you're expecting to escape from the rabbit hole every time, you might as well put this book down. Sure, sometimes you might find your way out of Wonderland. But other times . . . well, my friend, the odds are not so good. With over thirty possible ways to finish the story, they can't all end with kittens and cake.

If you dare, turn the page.



Your name is Alice! (Just go with it. It's part of the story.) You love going on picnics. You love exploring. And most of all, you love doing the exact opposite of what your parents tell you to do. You've tried to listen to them and behave, but there is just so much fun to be had out in the world.

You and your sister could not be more different. She's the one who never gets in trouble. She's the one they always tell you to be more like. And she's the one who is watching over you right now. Yeah, it's not so cool to have your sister babysit for you, but your parents had insisted on going out to eat without the two of you, saying they needed some time to themselves. Whatever. Adults are so weird. Anyway.

Your sister has this great idea to go on a picnic by the river which is so strange because she hates being outside. She's much rather be on her phone talking to her boyfriend. And even though you like being outside, with your sister along, it's not like you can run off and do any exploring. Oh wait . . . Is she snoring?

Yes! Your sister is fast asleep, there on the bank of the river. The day is quiet. The sun is shining. The grass is green and inviting, and even though part of you thinks lying down and taking a nap would be wonderful, this is the perfect opportunity to explore while she's not watching. As quietly as you can, you set down the apple slices you've been trying to force yourself to eat. Why she had to pack apples is a mystery. Cake would have been way better. Cake and punch and maybe biscuits and honey and . . .

Your stomach growls, but no way are you eating the apples. You stand up, brush the dirt and grass off the back of your blue dress, and tiptoe away. You're hardly around the corner when movement in the bushes catches your eye. You freeze, hoping that whoever (or whatever) it is, they haven't seen you. But you're in a puffy blue dress and you have long blond hair. Of course they see you.

No, not they. It. A rabbit. A giant White Rabbit, nearly as tall as you are, is hopping your way. You reach for your phone so you can take a picture of it, because who is going to believe this? But your phone isn't in your pocket. You must have left it back by the picnic.

"I'm late!" the rabbit says in perfect English. He pulls a pocket watch out of his pocket (yes, he's wearing clothes—a silky vest and short pants; this must be a proper rabbit) and flips it open, like he's checking the time.

"What are you late for?" you ask, but the rabbit doesn't answer. Instead he keeps hopping past you, bumping your shoulder on the way, and then rounds the corner of some bushes. You hurry after him, just in time to see him disappear down a large rabbit hole. A rabbit hole you could definitely fit down also.

You rush to the rabbit hole and are just about to climb inside, when a bright flash of light shines directly into your eye. Across the clearing is a mirror, with a decorated golden frame. Who would leave a mirror out here in the middle of nowhere? Maybe you should go take a closer look.

If you go down the rabbit hole, turn to page 6.

If you take a closer look at the mirror, turn to page 10.



It's not every day of your life that you see a giant talking rabbit. In fact, this may be your only chance. You are not going to let it get away from you. You want to rush back and grab your phone so you can take some pictures, but you also can't lose sight of the rabbit. So you put one foot in the rabbit hole and start to slowly lower yourself down. But the ground around the hole is crumbly, and your fingers slip. You fall, down, down, down the rabbit hole. You cringe, waiting for the horrible landing you know is coming. But instead when you finally land, the ground is soft and cushiony, like you've just fallen onto a giant pillow.

You look up, and far overhead, the circular outline of the rabbit hole appears. Well, guess you're not going to get back out the way you came in. But surely there is another way out of this place.

You look around. You're in a room with at least twenty different doors of all sizes, shapes, and colors. The only problem is that all of the doors are closed. Also, there is no sign of the rabbit, so you have no idea which door he took to get out of this room.

You try one of the doors that looks big enough for you to fit through it, but it's locked. You try a few more. All the same. Every single door you attempt to open is not going to budge. Not unless you find a . . .

A key! There on a table is a shiny golden key. It reminds you of the kind like in old people houses, from back in the dark ages before there was running water and electricity. When you pick up the key, it warms in your hand, almost like you were supposed to find it. Now to figure out which door it goes with.

You walk from one door to the next, seeing if it will fit. It's too big for one. Too small for another. The wrong shape. The wrong material. You're about to give up when you walk up to a tiny blue door. Sure, the door is really small—like you'd have to be the size of a

mouse to fit through—but the keyhole is perfect for the key in your hand.

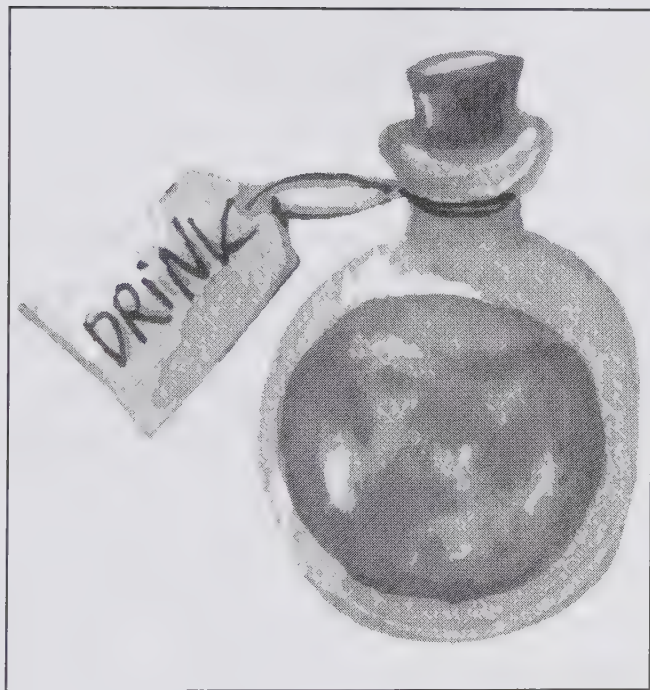
You lower yourself to the ground and peer through the keyhole. On the other side is a fancy garden, the kind like rich people with gardeners have. You've always wanted to visit a garden like that. You put the key in the lock, and it turns easily. Great! Except you can't fit through. Maybe you weren't meant to go through this door.

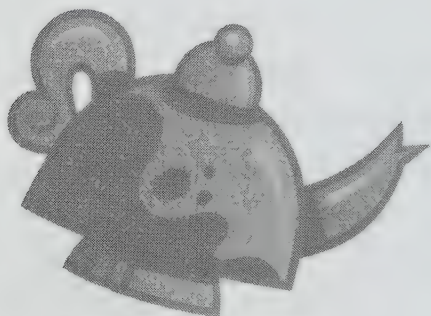
You turn away from the door and look back at the table where you got the key. Sitting on it is a glass filled with a delicious looking green drink with an umbrella and a cherry. Next to it is a sign that says, "Drink me."

It's so tempting! And all of a sudden you are super thirsty. Like you could drink the entire thing in one sip. But what if it's a trap?

If you drink it, turn to page 12.

If you don't drink it, turn to page 20.





There is something about the mirror that you just can't resist. It is drawing you forward. Almost calling your name. You hurry toward it, but you stop when you see two kittens playing right in front of it. One is pure white and one is so black that you can hardly see its eyes or nose.

You lean down to play with the kittens because they're so cute, but they spot you and stop playing. Then the white one jumps straight for the mirror. Instead of hitting the mirror, it goes right through the glass. The black one follows, and then they are both gone.

Okay, that was a little weird. Mirrors are not windows, and you certainly can't go through them. You step up to the mirror and look more closely at it. You see your reflection . . . a little, but you also see some other stuff past that, like there are flickering images and

things happening inside the mirror that aren't happening out here. It's like there's another world beyond it.

You step through (because why wouldn't you?).

There are the kittens running off into the distance. They vanish from your sight. But right in front of you is a book. It's some old-looking book with a picture of a little girl on the front who looks a lot like you come to think of it. That has to be pure coincidence.

You flip it open, but all the words are backwards. But then you get an idea. You hold the book up to the mirror, and you can read it perfectly.

"Welcome to Wonderland," it says on the first page.

Wonderland! What a fun place that sounds like. That must be this world through the mirror. Maybe you should look around for a while.

No, that's a horrible idea. What you really should do is go back through the mirror and return to the picnic with your sister.

If you explore Wonderland for a little bit, turn to page 16.

If you go back through the mirror, turn to page 15.



Of course you drink it. It was put on this table for you. Someone even left you a nice note. You rush across the room, grab the glass, and drink the entire thing in one long sip. It tastes like sugar mixed with mint mixed with perfection. You grab the cherry when you're done and eat that, too. When you set the glass back on the table, you half wish it

would magically fill back up so you could drink some more. It doesn't. But something weird starts to happen. The glass starts getting really big. And the table is getting larger also. So are the walls. The ceiling is stretching far up overhead.

Logical thoughts fill your mind. This stuff isn't getting bigger. You're getting smaller! It's like something out of a movie. You are shrinking, and it has to be because of the green drink. Still, it was worth it. That was about the tastiest thing you've ever had. You continue getting smaller and smaller. It's really fun at first, because you feel like the world is this giant place just waiting for you to explore. But what if you don't stop shrinking? What if you keep getting smaller and smaller until you are the size of a single cell amoeba? Nobody would see you and they would step on you. And if you tried to move out of the way, it would take you forever to move like an inch.

You try not to panic, and you start thinking positive thoughts. Your parents are always going on and on about being a positive thinker, and the next thing you know, the world around you settles. The positive thoughts work. You've settle at the perfect size to fit through the door you unlocked with the key.

You rush toward it, running. But because you are so small it takes you a solid five minutes to get there. You're out of breath, but this must be why the drink was put in the room. You were meant to shrink so you could get through the door. So you rush inside.

The lush garden is all around you, but there is no sign of the White Rabbit. Also, everything is still really big. If only there was a way to get large again because being this small isn't all that fun.

Resting against a tree is a plate with a really pretty piece of cake, iced in blue and yellow, almost like it was decorated to match your hair and dress. Next to it is a sign that says, "Eat me."

You drank the drink and got small. Maybe eating the cake will make you big. Or maybe it will make you even smaller. Oh, what should you do? Exploring isn't quite working out like you thought it would.

If you eat the cake, turn to page 32.

If you don't eat the cake, turn to page 22.

Sure, Wonderland looks pretty cool and all, but none of this can be real. The best thing to do is to retrace your steps, go back through the mirror, and give up exploring forever.

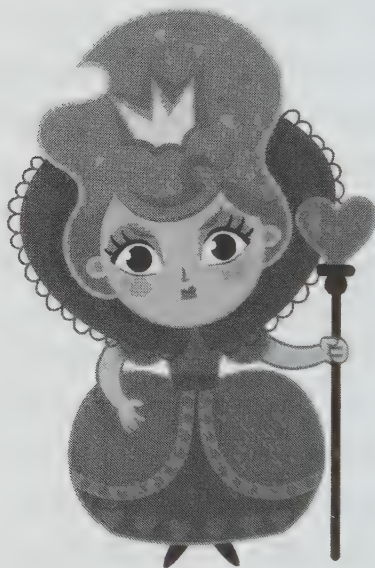
You turn back to the mirror. Then, without giving it much thought, you step back through. But the journey back is not quite as smooth as it was getting here. The air around you feels really thick, like sludge. The world is kind of gray. You can't see Wonderland, and you can't see your world. It's like you are stuck in the middle somehow.

You push harder in the direction you are supposed to go, but you can't seem to move. The more you push the less progress you make. You try to relax, but that doesn't help. And finally your feet won't move at all. You are stuck.

You could break the mirror. That would definitely help you get out of it. No wait. What if that traps you inside somehow? That would be horrible.

If you break the mirror, turn to page 38.

If you don't break the mirror, turn to page 29.



You walk forward, deciding to explore Wonderland for a little bit. Just a tiny bit of exploring can't hurt. You can always return to the mirror and your world. But night falls and then it begins to snow. You shiver, wishing for warmer weather. Or warmer clothes. Or maybe the sun. The next thing you know you enter a spring garden and the sun comes out. There are flowers everywhere. They sing to you and talk to you. A few of them tell you jokes which make you fall over with laughter. The flowers in Won-

derland are way funnier than the flowers back in your world.

There is a flash of red at the edge of the garden, and you go to check it out. Whatever it is, it is moving so quickly that it's almost a blur. But finally it stops right in front of you.

Correction. She stops right in front of you.

"Hey there," the woman says. "I'm the Red Queen."

She is wearing a crown on her head, so you figure maybe she's not lying. And her clothes are bright red.

"You sure can run fast," you say.

"I can," she says, and she does a quick lap around the garden, returning before you even have time to count to ten.

"Alice, right?" she says.

You nod, unsure how she knows your name. Maybe the flowers told her.

"You ever want to be a queen?" she asks.

You shrug. "Maybe?" Actually you've dreamed of being a queen, but you always knew it was a silly thing that little kids did.

"Well," the Red Queen says. "Here's how you can become one. You see those little chess men over there?"

You look to where she's pointing. There are real live little chess men standing around like they're waiting for something. You nod.

"They're waiting for a train," the Red Queen says. "You board the train and you make it to the other side of the chessboard, and you can be a queen."

Chessboard? You look down and sure enough, it seems like you are standing on a giant chess square. And riding a train to the other side doesn't sound all that hard.

"Is it hard to do?" you ask, because you aren't easily fooled.

"It's very dangerous," the Red Queen says. Then she runs off.

If you board the train, turn to page 26.

If you don't board the train, turn to page 34.





No way are you drinking some strange drink that has magically appeared. It's creepy and weird and not a good idea. You tear up the "Drink me" note and toss it on the ground. Then you go back to the tiny blue door. It's so small that you can't even fit your hand through, but the stones around it look ancient. So you pick up your foot and kick it open. Then you kick it some more, breaking apart the rocks and bricks until there is a hole large enough for you to go through. If you'd thought of this before, you wouldn't have even needed the key. Oh well.

With one more final kick, you step through, into the garden. And even though you were really big compared to the door back in the other room, here in the garden, everything is the right size for you.

You made a lot of noise kicking down the door, but there is nobody around, so you decide to set out exploring. You tiptoe, just in case there are people around. And sure enough, you haven't been walking long at all when you see some kind of garden party in a beautiful clearing in the woods. The best part is that the people (well, you can't tell from here if they are really people; they look a little strange) seem to be playing some kind of game. You love games and you are really great at them, too. Maybe you should wander over to their party and see if you can play also. After all, you did follow the White Rabbit to explore.

If you check out the party and see if you can play the game, turn to page 30.

If you stay quiet and out of sight, turn to page 36.



You really want the cake, but if you eat it, there is a very good chance that you are going to shrink even more, and that is just not something you are going to risk. Your goal is to find a way out of this place, not get squashed like a bug (which you are about the size of). Maybe the effects of the drink will wear off naturally. So instead, you wander through the garden looking for a hint of how you are going to get out of this place.

As you walk, it might be your imagination, but you might be getting bigger again. Oh, no, never mind. A mouse runs by, and it towers over you. At least it sees you, jumping over your head like it's at a middle school track meet doing hurdles. You keep walking and this time you are sure of it. The effects of the drink are wearing off. Step by step, you are returning to your normal size. This is really good. If you'd shown back up super tiny, your sister and parents would never have believed what happened. After a half hour of exploring the garden, you are pretty sure you're back to full size. This is confirmed when the White Rabbit hops around the corner. As soon as he sees you, he rushes over to you.

"I need your help most desperately," he says.

He talks so formally, and it makes you think you should talk formally, too.

"Yeah, sure, what do you need?" you ask. And then you realize that didn't sound formal at all.

He bows to you. Again, way formal. You bow back even though you feel kind of stupid.

"I've lost my fan and gloves," the White Rabbit says. "Can you help me find them?"

Maybe if you help him, he'll tell you the way out of wherever you are.

“Where did you lose them?” you ask.

He points off to the right. “In that house over there.”

Sure enough, there is a house where you are sure there wasn’t a house only three minutes ago. This place is sure strange.

“If you know where they are, why do you need my help?” you ask. You’re not trying to be mean or rude, but this seems kind of obvious.

The White Rabbit looks shocked. “Oh, no. That would go against all the rules of Wonderland.”

Wonderland. Maybe that’s what this place is called.

You shrug. “So you need me to go into the house and get your gloves and fan?”

He nods.

“And if I do, will you tell me how to get out of Wonderland?” you ask.

“Most certainly!” the White Rabbit says.

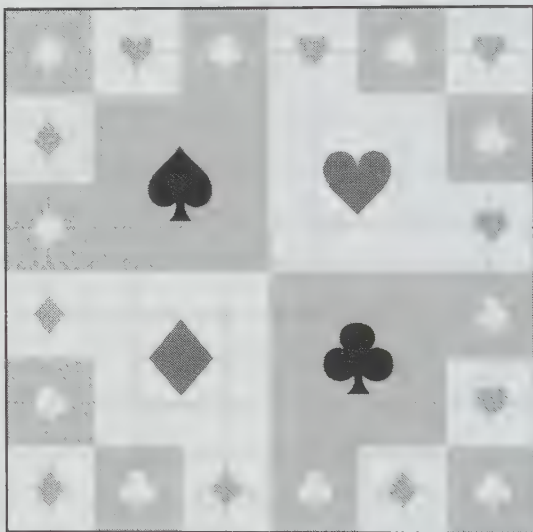
You walk toward the house, and the White Rabbit mutters something under his breath that you can’t understand. Whatever. It must not be important. You walk into the house. There doesn’t seem to be anyone home. There also doesn’t seem to be a fan or a pair of gloves. But what there is on a table in the house is a

bottle filled with green liquid. And sure enough, next to it is a sign that says, "Drink me."

What is it with all these signs about eating and drinking? Whoever came up with this Wonderland place must be seriously fixated on food and drink. Still, the last time you drank the stuff, it helped you get through the door. Maybe you should drink this also.

If you drink it, turn to page 40.

If you don't drink it, turn to page 52.



You've always wanted to be a queen, and how dangerous can a train be? The little chess men look really excited to be getting on board. Just before the doors close, you hurry over and climb onboard also. The doors close behind you and the train pulls away.

The countryside is strange, like a huge landscape of black and white squares. This chessboard must be huge. It stretches on way farther than you can see. You try to ask the little chessmen questions, hoping it might help you with whatever is ahead, but they act like they're

scared to even talk to you and they look away. So you sit in a seat and wait for the train to stop.

You get off at the first stop. There is an arrow pointing toward a road. "Alice, go this way," a sign says.

Well, that's you, so this must be what you are supposed to do. And sure, maybe it's a trap, but you want to be Queen, and there isn't really any turning back at this point. You head down the road.

At the end are two of the strangest people you've ever seen. They are dressed alike, in weird striped outfits, like they're wearing funny costumes. They start singing a song for you, calling themselves Tweedledee and Tweedledum.

"I'm Alice," you say, and their eyes go wide.

"Oh, you're who he's dreaming up right now," one of them says. You can't really tell them apart. But they point to a man that is lying under a tree fast asleep. He has a crown on his head, so maybe he's a king.

"Dreaming me up?" you ask, because that sounds kind of weird.

"Of course," the other one says. "You aren't real. You are just part of his dream. None of this is real. It is all the Red King's dream."

Well, you know that's not true. You are real. You are sure you are real. If you weren't real . . . well . . .

you would just know. You are not the figment of some sleeping king's dream.

"Whatever," you say.

"Exactly!" one of them says. "Whatever. Now we are preparing for battle. Would you like to help us win the battle?"

You don't want to fight anyone or be in a battle, but maybe this is part of getting to the other side of the chessboard. Maybe you have to do this.

If you help in the battle, turn to page 50.

If you leave them to their battle and keep moving forward, turn to page 62.

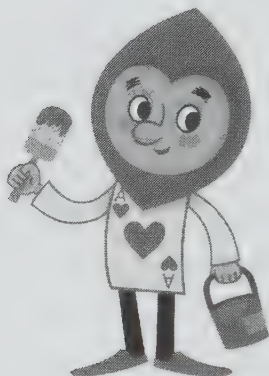


You wait, hoping something will change. You can't risk breaking the mirror. If you do, that could be the end of everything. Your very existence is at risk.

Slowly the world on either side of the mirror begins to return to you, pushing away the gray. You see people walk by, and you yell at them, asking for help. They look at you really strangely. A few take pictures and put them on social media. But no one helps you get out of the mirror.

One day movers come and load the mirror onto a big truck. But they are really clumsy movers, and they forget to strap the mirror down. When they reach their destination, they open the door of the moving truck and the mirror falls out, landing on the street. The last thing you ever remember seeing or hearing is the shattering of the mirror. Then the world goes black.

THE END



You are not going to miss this party. You cut through the woods and come out in the clearing where the people are. No, not people. There are playing cards with arms and legs and heads. You read that right. Like cards from a deck of cards . . . that are alive.

They have paint brushes, and they are painting every white rose that they find bright red.

“Hi,” you say, and when they turn to see you, you wave.

“Oh, you’re finally here,” one of them says. You think it’s the five of diamonds.

But the way he says it, it’s like they were expecting you. You decide to play it off and act cool.

“Yes, I’m finally here,” you say.

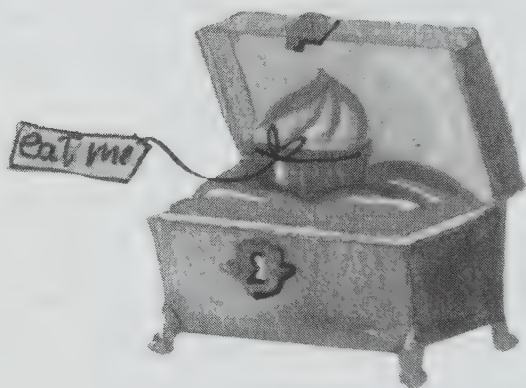
“Well it’s about time,” another card says. “The Queen of Hearts invited you to play croquet ages ago. She’ll be furious that you are so late. Hurry down that path and join the game.”

You don’t want to make the Queen of Hearts, whoever she is, angry at you, so you do what the card says. And there are more people—creatures—playing croquet. Except they are holding flamingos upside down as the croquet mallets and the balls are actually hedgehogs. But you don’t ask questions since you’re already late. You grab a flamingo and begin to play. You notice a woman with a red crown also playing. This must be the Queen of Hearts. She smiles at you at first, but you’re really good at this croquet game, and pretty soon you start to win. Then she stops smiling and starts frowning. And her frown begins to turn angry.

Oops. Maybe it’s not a good idea to play croquet better than the queen.

If you begin to play badly and let the queen win, turn to page 46.

If you keep playing well, because you want to win, turn to page 58.



What the heck? You love cake. Sure you drank the drink and got really small, but you're okay. Eating the cake will be fine. The best part about being so small is that the piece of cake is much bigger than you, so it lasts forever. Finally you finish the last delicious bite and wait. Something is bound to happen. Then you start to grow.

You knew it! You knew something would happen. You grow and grow until you are way taller than the trees in the garden. You tower over them. But you still don't stop growing. This is the worst. You should have never eaten the stupid cake.

You begin to cry even though you aren't the crying kind. But still, this is such a bad situation. Your tears are

huge and water pools around your giant feet, flooding the forest. Debris begins to float in the river of tears.

Quick. You have to think fast. You grab at anything you can from the world around you. The plate the cake was on. A bench in the garden. They're all so tiny. But there is a giant fan floating along the river. You think maybe you remember the White Rabbit holding it. You pick it up, and immediately you begin to shrink back down again. You have no idea why holding a fan would make you smaller, but it's not like you're making this stuff up. That's just what happens, even if it makes no logical sense. Smaller and smaller you get. Almost too small because now the river of tears is like a huge flood and you are caught up in it!

You toss the fan aside and start to swim. It's either swim or die, and you are not going to die in this weird rabbit hole place. You go with the flow of the river, but you aren't the only one. Next to you is a mouse the same size as you, also swimming. You could talk to him and see if he can help you figure out what to do.

If you talk to the mouse, turn to page 44.

If you don't talk to the mouse, turn to page 56.



You watch the chess men, but when the train finally pulls into the station, you don't get on board. You don't like chess that much, anyway. You aren't willing to risk your life on some dangerous train to reach the other side of the chessboard. Anyway, you don't even know this Red Queen. She could totally be lying.

You drift back into the garden and start talking to the flowers again. There are so many flowers, and each one has a different personality, almost like they are real people. You listen to a few more jokes. You have dinner

PICK YOUR OWN QUEST: ALICE IN WONDERLAND

with them. Over dinner, though, a white flower tells you that you are destined to be the queen of Wonderland, and that you might as well embrace your destiny and set out to be queen. But do you really want to be the queen? You kind of want to find a way back home.

If you try to be the queen of Wonderland, turn to page 66.

If you try to leave Wonderland instead, turn to page 55.

You back away. It's best to stay out of sight and talk to as few people as possible. Also, you don't have time to play games. As cool as this world seems to be, you should be thinking about finding a way back to your own world. Your sister is going to be waking up soon, and if you aren't there, you'll get in serious trouble.

"Where are you going?" someone says.

Darn. Someone has spotted you. You turn to see who it is, but there is no one around. There is only a tree.

"Who said that?" you whisper, because this feels a little bit like you're talking to yourself.

"Me," the voice says again, but you still don't see anyone.

"Who is me?" you ask.

"You are you," the voice says.

You roll your eyes. "Whatever. You know what I meant. Just show yourself."

A smile appears. Yes, like lips and teeth that are formed into a smile, but there is nothing else around them.

"Is this good?" the mouth says, still smiling.

You cross your arms. “No. It’s not good. Show yourself, not just your stupid smile.”

The smile falters the smallest amount, and then a striped cat forms around the mouth. It’s sitting in the tree staring down at you.

“I’m Alice,” you say.

“Yeah, yeah, and I’m the Cheshire Cat,” the cat says. “But that’s not what’s important. What’s important is that you’re lost and you’re never going to find your way out of Wonderland.”

Wonderland. That must be what this place is called.

“I’m not lost,” you say. “I’m exploring.” This is kind of true. You haven’t had time to get lost yet.

“Yeah, well, if you’re smart, you’ll go explore down that path,” the cat says.

“Why? What’s down that path?” you ask.

“The March Hare’s house,” the cat says, and then he vanishes.

You don’t know who or what the March Hare is. It could be a trap. And there is a different path you could take.

If you go visit the March Hare, turn to page 48.

If you take the other path, turn to page 60.



You can't risk being stuck in the mirror forever. After all, what kind of existence would that be, anyway? Trapped in the nether with no hope of ever seeing anything again? You have to break the mirror.

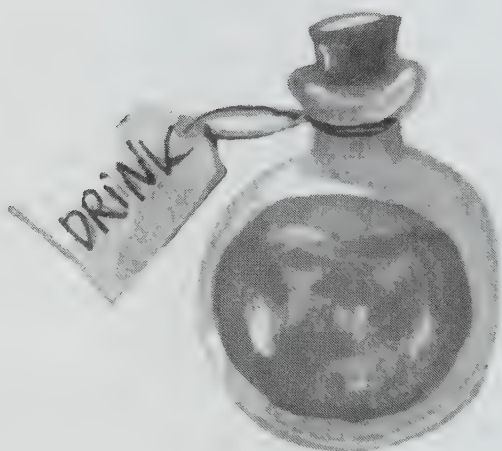
You look around, trying to find something that you can use to break the glass. But then you realize that you're still holding the book. You grip it tightly, and before you change your mind, you slam it forward, hoping it hits the glass of the mirror.

There is a huge shattering sound, and light pours in toward you. You block your eyes because it's so bright. And then you dare to look.

You see trees and grass and far down a path you see your sister asleep next to a picnic basket. This is your world. You run forward before the mirror magically re-seals and traps you again. Only when you are sure that you are back in your world do you sink to the ground and catch your breath. You did it. You escaped Wonderland. That was close.

The book is still in your hands. You look down, and the words of the title begin to take shape. Here, in your world, you can read them normally. They say *Alice's Adventures through the Looking Glass*. You read the first few pages. It is about you. It is your story. And thankfully, just like the Alice in the book, you have safely returned home.

THE END



Why not? You grab the bottle and lift it to your lips. It smells sugary and minty just like before, and you drink the entire bottle. It's way better than the soda you're not supposed to drink back home. You wonder what it's made of and if they happen to sell it at the local grocery store.

You set the bottle down and wait, because you know something is going to happen. But nothing does. You pick the bottle back up to study it, but it's gotten really small. Wait, no. You're getting bigger.

You look up as you grow taller and taller. The ceiling is getting closer and you're going to hit your head. But your head punches through the roof and your arms shoot out the windows and pretty soon you're wearing the entire house like some costume made out of a cardboard box. But then your neck keeps growing even after the rest of your body stops, stretching way up into the sky like some kind of ridiculous goose person. Still the view is great! All around you, far in the distance, you see a tea party and a croquet party and a field of mushroom, and . . . Oops! Something mushes under your foot.

You try to crane your giant neck to see, but the house you're wearing is blocking whatever it was.

"Get her!" someone shouts. "She stepped on Sammy!"

You don't know who Sammy is (or was), but the shouts come from a giant herd of animals and they look mad. They start chasing you, and you run, so fast that you're sure you're going to outrun them in no time. Still, these angry animals can run crazy fast, and they chase you through Wonderland. You knock over trees and houses as you try to escape from them. You think things can't get any worse, but then they start throwing rocks at you. This is the worst adventure ever.

One of the rocks hits your cheek and lands on your shoulder. You reach to brush it off, but you notice that it's turned into . . . cake!

Yes! You gobble down the cake, one piece after another. Each piece you eat makes you smaller and smaller. Finally, after your stomach is about to burst, the house falls off you, leaving you outside of it and normal-sized once again. That's great. Except the angry animals are still here, and they're getting closer to you. You're sure they're going to attack you for stepping on Sammy, but then a large mouse steps forward and says, "Come with us if you want more cake."

It's so tempting.

If you follow the animals, turn to page 68.

If you don't follow the animals, turn to page 89.





The White Rabbit talked, so you're willing to bet that this mouse talks also. And since you are swimming right next to him, and the river looks like it will go on forever, you might as well have some conversation to make the time pass by.

"Hey there, mouse," you say.

The mouse looks at you but confusion clouds his eyes. Like he wants to understand you but he can't. Then he yammers out some words in another language. From the way so many of the words don't have endings to them, you think it might be French. Which is really

fortunate. You know a few sentences in French. Hopefully it's enough.

You scramble to remember the words so you get it just right. "I have a very large cat," you say in perfect French.

The mouse's eyes go really wide. With terror. Then he swims away.

Oh wait. Cats eat mice. Maybe you should have gone with one of the other sentences that you know.

You keep swimming, alone now, and finally after what feels like forever, you land on a shore. There are a ton of other animals around, all the same size as you. It's like a party! Except one of the animals, maybe it's a hedgehog, is standing at the front of the crowd droning on and on about some boring topic. It almost puts you to sleep.

You can't afford to waste time sleeping. You need to get out of here. But the lecture is so boring.

If you sleep, turn to page 92.

If you stay awake, turn to page 72.

Everyone knows that you don't make royalty angry, so you start playing as badly as you can. You miss shots that you easily could have made. You accidentally drop your croquet mallet. Soon the Queen of Hearts begins to smile again, at least at you. At anyone else who makes her mad or does better than her at croquet, she yells, "Off with his head!" You like your head where it is, thank you very much.

You're playing so badly that the queen soon forgets about you altogether, and because you think she might be crazy, you decide it's as good a time as any to sneak out of the game and get back to your main task, which at this point is finding a way home.

You're not too far away when you hear a noise behind you. You turn, but there is no one there. But you would have sworn that someone was following you. You walk some more and hear it again. And again. And the third time you turn around, you spot them. The hedgehog and the flamingo from the croquet game have followed you.

"Bet you're looking for the way out of here, aren't you?" the flamingo says.

"As a matter of fact I am," you say.

"We'll show you," the hedgehog says.

“Thank y—” you start, but the hedgehog cuts you off.

“If you go back and free the rest of the hedgehogs and flamingos from the Queen of Hearts,” the hedgehog says.

“Free them?” you ask.

“You think we want to be used to play croquet?” the flamingo says. “Talk about a killer headache. If I have to hit one more hedgehog, I’m going to have an aneurism.”

You don’t know what an aneurism is, but it doesn’t sound pleasant.

“I’m kind of in a hurry,” you say, even though you aren’t.

“You’ll never find the way out on your own,” the hedgehog says.

This very well could be true. But if you try to free a bunch of animals from the queen, she might chop your head off.

If you tell the hedgehog and flamingo that you don’t have time, turn to page 76.

If you free the animals from the Queen of Hearts, turn to page 94.



You set out down the path to wherever this March Hare's house is. Sure enough, you come to a clearing, and there is a cute little house. You walk toward it, and voices start to come to you, but they aren't coming from inside the house. They are coming from around the back.

You tiptoe around the side of the house and see, in a table set up with some kind of dinner party going on. Well, maybe it's a lunch party; it is only the middle of the day.

"There she is finally," you hear someone say.

The stupid cat appears on a tree branch and points at you. Everyone looks your way.

A large rabbit (not the White Rabbit) stands up at the head of the table. "Come sit down and join our party," he says.

Why not? You love parties. You sit down and help yourself to some cake and tea. Besides the rabbit—who you decide is the March Hare—and the Cheshire Cat, there are a few other people, including a guy in a large top hat.

"I'm the Mad Hatter," he says, and he takes off the one hat and puts on another. He tosses his old hat to you and you put it on. This happens a few more times.

The party is weird and fun, and the food is delicious. But pretty soon you decide that it is time to get home. You start to stand up.

"What are you doing?" the March Hare asks.

"Leaving," you say, even though that should be obvious.

"Oh, but you can't leave before four o'clock," the Mad Hatter says and points to a large golden clock.

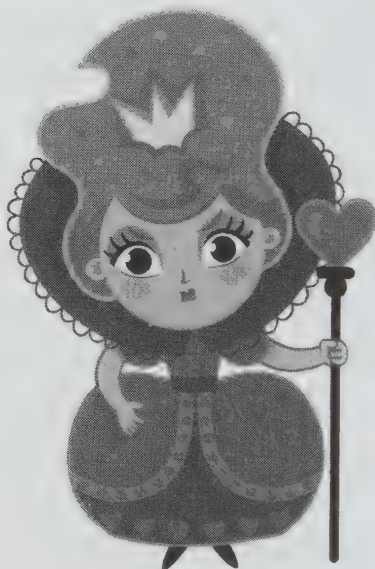
It's only three o'clock so you sit back down. There are worse things than hanging out at this party for another hour.

You have more tarts and tea, and you check the clock again, because you are sure an hour has gone by.

It's still three o'clock. The stupid clock is broken. You helped your uncle fix a clock last week. You could probably fix this clock, but that will only take more time, and you've already spent way too much time here. You should just get up and leave.

If you offer to fix the clock, turn to page 80.

If you leave the party, turn to page 98.



Of course you help with the battle. Being Queen isn't all about wearing fancy dresses and going to parties. If there is a battle here in Wonderland, then if you have any hope of being a queen someday, you are going to have to fight in it.

"I'll help you two fight," you say to Tweedledee and Tweedledum.

"Oh great," one of them says.

Suddenly there is a loud squawking sound from overhead. You look up in time to see a giant crow flying down toward you.

“Retreat!” the other one of them says.

Then they both run off, way faster than you would have thought possible, and disappear into the trees.

You wait there, thinking that surely they’ll come back out, but nope. They are gone. And it doesn’t look like there is going to be a battle either.

You continue on, following the train tracks, but you come to a river. Standing next to it, by a really fancy white boat, is a woman in a white dress with a crown on her head. She must be a queen.

“Hi,” you say. “I’m Alice.”

“I know who you are,” the woman says. “And I am the White Queen.”

You were right. You knew she was a queen.

“Would you like to take a boat ride with me?” the White Queen asks.

If you get on the boat, turn to page 84.

If you don’t get on the boat, turn to page 102.

No way are you drinking anything else. You've had about as much of this growing and shrinking thing as you can take. Unless you're about to die from thirst, you aren't drinking the stuff.

You toss the bottle over your head and listen as the glass shatters when it hits the hard floor.

"What are you doing making a mess in my kitchen?" some woman shrieks.

Uh oh. You were sure that nobody else was in this house when you came in. You slowly turn around. There, in the kitchen, is a woman with a fancy dress on. Not just a nice dress. Like a dress out of Cinderella as if she were about to go to the ball. The woman looks old enough to be your mother, and her hair is wound up into tight curls that are piled on top of her head. Over the fancy dress she has on a yellow apron. In one hand she has a cooking spoon that she's using to stir the contents of a soup pot. In the other hand she holds a pig.

Yes, a pig.

"You weren't here two seconds ago," you say, as if that is some defense for your being in her house. And the fact that she's cooking a meal here means that it most likely really is her house.

"Of course I was, you silly dimwit of a girl," the woman snaps.

You don't like being called a dimwit of a girl and you're about to open your mouth and tell her this when the doorbell rings.

"Get that, will you?" the woman commands you like you're her servant or something.

Whatever. You walk to the door and open it. And as if Wonderland wasn't already weird enough, there stands a frog the size of a person. He's dressed in a suit and stands on two legs. He hands a piece of paper your way.

"Please deliver this to the duchess," he says in a perfect croak that rumbles around in his throat.

"The duchess?" you say.

"Bring it to me, you dimwit!" the woman hollers from the kitchen.

So she's the duchess. You're about to ask the frog how to get out of this place, but he hops away, so you close the door instead.

The duchess sets down the spoon as you come closer and grabs a pepper shaker instead. And then, like she's in some kind of shaking competition, she begins to shake pepper into the soup pot. But so much comes

out, and it fills the air like a cloud. You sneeze. She sneezes. The pig sneezes.

“Here you go,” you manage to say, shoving the paper her way.

“An invitation?” she says. “Here, hold my baby.” And she shoves the pig your way. You have no choice but to take it.

The pig is not a baby, no matter what she thinks. It is a pig. It smells like a pig. It looks like a pig. And you are not some babysitter.

You’re about to dump the pig on the ground and get out of this house, but then it oinks and looks up at you with the cutest little eyes, like it wants to be a little baby and have you hold it and rock it to sleep.

If you dump the pig and get out of there, turn to page 70.

If you keep holding onto the pig, turn to page 90.

You don't really want to be queen of Wonderland. It's not even a real place. How could it be real? Flowers can't talk, no matter what anyone says. What you really want is to get back to your world.

"So long and thanks for all the fun," you say, and you head back the way you came. You figure you can backtrack your steps, find the mirror, and step back through. But the moment you are ready to step through the garden gate, vines grow over it, blocking your path.

You tear at the vines, but they have thorns and it really hurts. You try a different gate. The same thing happens. Time after time, the plants block your way.

"You can't leave us," the flowers say.

"But I want to go home," you say.

They try to tell you jokes to make you laugh and be happy, but it doesn't help. You try to climb the walls of the garden. Huge branches sprout up, forming a ceiling that keeps you in. There is no escape. But you never give up trying. And they never give up stopping you.

THE END

It's probably best if you don't talk to the mouse. After all, you talked to the White Rabbit and now you're in a complete mess. Talking with more animals is not going to make anything better.

You swim, paddling away from the mouse, and finally, after what feels like forever, you see the shore. But there is a huge crowd of animals already there, drying off in the sun. If you swim toward them, there is no way you will be able to avoid talking to all of them. So instead, you swim to the opposite shore, pull yourself up onto the land, and collapse on your back. This swimming stuff is exhausting.

The sun warms you, and you almost fall asleep right there, but then a voice wakes you up. It sounds . . . human.

You open your eyes, and (in case you thought anything normal was going to happen, you are way wrong) looking down at you is a turtle. Well at least it mostly looks like a turtle. It has a long neck, and there are moments when you think it might not be a turtle at all.

"I have a story," the turtle says.

"Don't we all?" you reply.

The turtle cocks his head, as if he's actually considering your comment. "Do you have a story?" he finally says.

You roll your eyes and point at your soaked clothes and hair. "Duh. What do you think I'm doing here, anyway?"

Again he seems to consider this. "Well, it appears that you have just taken a nice swim and are now relaxing."

That is one way to look at it.

"Not quite," you say.

The turtle inclines his head. "I would very much like to tell you my story," he says, and his eyes go really wide with hope.

Not a half hour ago you agreed that you weren't going to talk to any more animals, and yet here you are, talking to a half-turtle. And even though you are actually curious what his story is, if you listen to it, then you're going against your "no talking to animals" policy even more.

If you listen to his story, turn to page 74.

If you tell him no way, turn to page 99.

You aren't going to pretend to play badly. That would be stupid. What would the queen do you, anyway?

"Off with his head," she yells.

You turn to see one of the playing cards being dragged off by. The panicked look on his face suggests that maybe he's the one she is talking about. But that can't be right. Queens don't really run around chopping people's (or playing card's) heads off. Whatever.

You keep playing, and pretty soon you are leading. You're one shot away from victory. You line up your flamingo.

"Stop!" a herald cries, and he blows into a trumpet.

Stop? But you are about to win. Before you can turn back and take the shot, a couple of the cards drag some guy into the middle of the grass, right where your hedgehog ball would need to go.

"Let the trial begin!" the queen says.

"What trial?" you ask, but the cards shush you. Instead, a jury box is quickly built and animals fill the jury seats. The poor guy, who is looking terrified, is dragged up in front of everyone.

"What did he do?" you lean over and ask a timid-looking mouse.

The mouse grimaces and scampers off.

“The Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts,” the herald yells and then he blows into the trumpet again.

Tarts sound really good. Your tummy grumbles.

“How do you plead?” the queen asks the knave.

“Not guilty,” the Knave of Hearts says. “I didn’t steal the tarts, but she did.” And he points right at you.

Before you can so much as open your mouth to tell the jury that you didn’t steal tarts—if you had, your tummy would not be grumbling—they grab you and drag you up in front of everyone.

Then you see a tart. It’s crispy and golden and has red filling, like maybe raspberry jam and a light coating of powdered sugar, and you are sure it will be the tastiest thing in the world. Also, given how the other food around here has made you grow or shrink, maybe if you eat this tart, you will get bigger and be able to just run your way out of this whole trial. But it would be nice to finish the croquet game, too.

If you eat the tart, turn to page 78.

If you don’t eat the tart, turn to page 96.

You don't know who (or what) the March Hare is, and you certainly aren't going to his house. Why would you? Because some vanishing cat told you to? Nope. Instead you head down the other path and leave the Cheshire Cat far behind.

You walk for a bit, looking at all the strange things around you. Weird plants and insects, but when you come around a huge oak tree and into a clearing, you see the strangest thing of all.

A huge caterpillar sits on a huge mushroom, and smoke is billowing out of his nostrils and mouth like he's on fire. In front of him is some weird thing that the smoke seems to be coming from, like a giant pipe thing.

"What's that?" you ask, taking a cautious step his way.

He blows out a long stream of smoke and lazily looks your way. "It's a hookah," the caterpillar says. "It's all the rage."

Whatever. Maybe here in Wonderland. But you certainly aren't going to try it.

"Why are you sitting on that mushroom?" you ask. From the way he's perched, it looks a little like he's going to wobble and fall off the side.

"Well," he says. "That is a very interesting question."

You wait for the rest of whatever he's going to say. He blows out another stream of smoke.

"Do you have an answer?" you finally ask.

"Yes," the caterpillar says.

You wait again. But he's still not answering. You need to be more exact.

"What is the answer?" you say. There. That means he has to tell you.

"A poem," the caterpillar says. "I am trying to remember a poem. But I can't remember the poem. And so I am sitting on this mushroom trying to remember the poem."

A poem? You had to memorize like five poems last year in Language Arts class. You still remember at least two and a half of them. You could tell him one of these poems to help him out. But if you do that, he might want you to stay here and recite more poems for him. Or worse, he might get off the mushroom and follow you. That said, there is the possibility that if you recite a poem, he will tell you how to get out of Wonderland.

If you recite the poem, turn to page 82.

If you do not recite the poem, turn to page 100.



You have no desire or need to fight in some battle. You thank them for inviting you (because that seems like the polite thing to do), and then you are outta there. Anything is better than a battle.

You wander along a huge field of white. Maybe it's one of the white chess squares. If you keep this up, you will reach the other side of the chessboard no problem. But then little bugs start to fly at you, like gnats except way bigger. You swat it one of them, and it falls to the ground, shattering into a million pieces like it's made of . . . glass. Yes, the insects are made of glass. And there are so many of them.

When the other insects see what you've done, they are not happy.

"Attack!" one of them says in insect. You aren't sure how or why you understand. It's just how the story goes.

Here you just evaded one battle. Now these insects want to attack you? No way. You run.

Faster and faster. Ahead you see a bunch of trees. If you can get inside the tree line, hopefully the insects won't follow you. You're almost there. Another insect bites at your neck. You swat at it, smashing it to the ground. Only a couple more feet.

Finally you're inside the tree line. The insects stay out, hovering near the edge of the forest. You turn away and look through the trees. They go on as far as you can see. Then you turn back. There are things made of glass hovering in the air, not coming into the woods. But you can't remember what they are called. It's kind of weird. Whatever.

You start forward, deeper into the woods when suddenly you see something running along the path not too far from you. It's got four legs and brown hair with a white tail. It looks familiar but you can't remember what it's called.

Wait, you can't remember what you're called either. You must have a name, but you have no idea what it is. You think and think, but the longer you think about it, the more you can't figure it out. Maybe the creature knows your name. You hurry after it, trying to keep up. It dashes between the trees but it stops when it sees you.

"Do you know my name?" you ask the creature.

It mournfully shakes its head. "I don't know my name either."

Well that's just great. Still the creature runs, and you hurry after it.

Finally the other side of the trees is in sight. You rush after the creature, just as it breaks through the tree line. Then it turns to look at you. You hurry outside of the trees too.

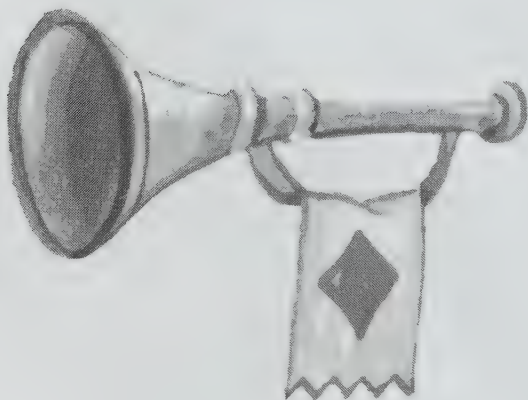
A fawn! That's what it is. The creature is a fawn, and you're Alice.

"I'm Alice," you say, but the fawn runs away.

If you chase after the fawn, turn to page 104.

If you continue forward, toward where you think you should go, turn to page 86.





“I will become the queen of Wonderland,”
you say to the flowers.

They all cheer, and they vow to help you achieve your goal any way they can. One of them even steps forward and offers to be your general and build you an army. This is good since you don’t know much (or anything) about the art of war.

General Flower builds you an amazing army made up of flowers and trees and animals. None of them like the Red Queen very much and they promise to fight with you no matter what happens. You would love to

solve this whole thing with peace, but now that you know so many creatures are depending on you being Queen, you don't want to let them down.

One day, one of your scouts reports back that the Red Queen has heard of your plan to take over Wonderland and that she is going to attack. You make sure your army is ready, and when she is close, you move the army outside of the gates of the garden.

When she attacks, she starts sneezing. Your flower army has doused her with pollen. You quickly realize that she is allergic to your flowers. Next thing you know, she falls over dead. You are declared the new queen of Wonderland, and you rule there for the rest of your days.

THE END



The animals seem to have forgotten about their Sammy friend, and if you don't mention it, hopefully it will never come up again. So you agree to follow them.

They lead you through the forest until you come out at the edge of a cute little town that reminds you of a Renaissance Faire you once went to.

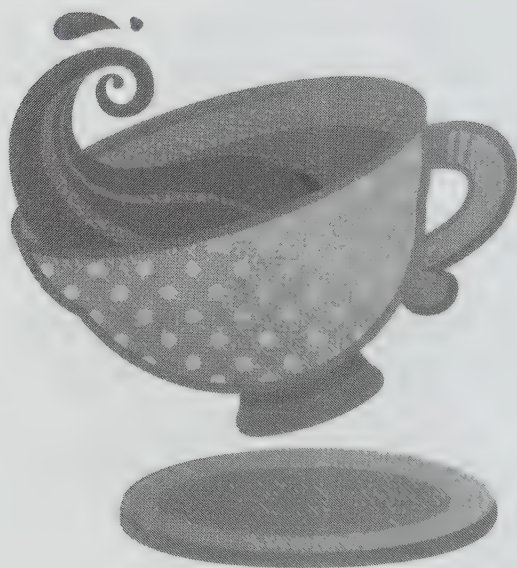
"Where's the cake?" you ask. You're not trying to be rude, but all that running and walking has left you hungry once again. It's like the food and drink digests really quickly here in Wonderland.

“This way,” a mouse says, and he leads you to one of the shops. Out front is a sign hanging on a post that says, “Wonderland Bakery: We have the best buns this side of the rabbit hole.” But it’s not just buns they have inside. There are display cases filled with cakes and cookies and pies and chocolate truffles and donuts and eclairs and every other possible treat you can think of.

You reach for a piece of cake, but the mouse says, “You can only have it if you agree to work here for a while.”

Cake for work? That seems like a pretty fair exchange, so you agree. You eat the cake and then get to work, serving customers who come into the bakery. The best part of your job is that you get a dessert break every half hour. You keep thinking that you’ll eventually find your way out of Wonderland, but what’s the rush, anyway?

THE END



You are not a babysitter and this pig is not a baby.

“I’m not your pigsitter,” you say, and you dump the pig onto the ground. But as you do, the pig sneezes again from all the pepper, and the front door of the house blows open. Out runs the pig, down the steps and across the yard out front.

“Go retrieve my baby!” the duchess shouts, wielding the spoon at you.

Like you’re scared of some spoon.

“Nope,” you say, crossing your arms.

She drops the spoon and grabs a meat cleaver as big as her forearm and holds it menacingly out in front of her. “You retrieve my baby or it will be off with your head.”

Is she serious? Okay, you don’t really want to find out. You take a step back, away from her, toward the door. She takes a step toward you. Then another. And another. And that meat cleaver is looking sharp enough to slice your head off in one fell swoop.

“Um . . .” You stall, trying to figure out your next move.

“Get my baby now!” she screams.

That’s it. That’s all it takes. You run out the door, trying to follow the pig hoof prints in the grass. They lead into the woods and you follow them there. You turn just in time to see the crazy knife-wielding duchess chasing after you. So you run and look for the stupid pig. And every time you think about slowing down or leaving the path, the duchess is right there, ready to take off your head. You look forever, but you never find the pig. So you just keep looking.

THE END



No matter how boring this hedgehog is, you can't fall asleep. You need to get out of here. You need to get home. And when he finally stops talking, you can ask some of the animals for help.

You wait, holding your eyelids open so you don't fall asleep, and finally the hedgehog stops talking. You stand up, ready to ask for help, but then one of the mice in the crowd shouts, "Time for the race!"

"But . . .," you start.

The animals shush you. So you join in the race. And when they blow the whistle to start running, you run so

fast, that the entire world flies by. The only way you know you've won is that you are the first one through a giant ribbon and everyone claps when you break it.

The animals lift you up onto their shoulders and proclaim you the winner of all time.

"Do I get a prize for winning?" you ask.

"Anything you want," a frog says, bowing low to you.

"I want to find a way home," you say. With the lecture and the race and the flood and the growing and shrinking, you have had as much of this place as you can stand.

"A way out of Wonderland," the frog says. "Come right this way."

He leads you to a large hole in the ground. It looks a lot like the hole you came through to get here. "This will take you back to your world," he says.

Why not? You thank him and jump into the hole, and fall until you land on the riverbank, right where you started. Your sister is still asleep where you left her. You grab your phone, ready to at least get a picture of the rabbit hole, but when you turn back to it, it's gone.

THE END



What the heck? You're already talking to the turtle, so you've already broken the "no talking to animals" policy as it is. You might as well hear his story.

You cross your arms and slouch. "Yeah, go ahead. Tell me your story," you say.

The turtle's eyes light up. "Oh thank you," he says. And he goes on to tell you how he's not really a turtle.

"I knew it!" you say. You knew there was something off about this turtle.

“I am a mock turtle,” the turtle says, whatever that is supposed to mean. “But I did used to be a real turtle. Sadly I got changed into this imitation of myself. It’s so difficult being me. And what I want more than anything in the world is to be a real turtle again.” At this last part, he wipes a tear from his eye.

Your mind plays around with his words. He used to be a real turtle. He’s not anymore. He wants to be again. And he’s really sad about the whole thing.

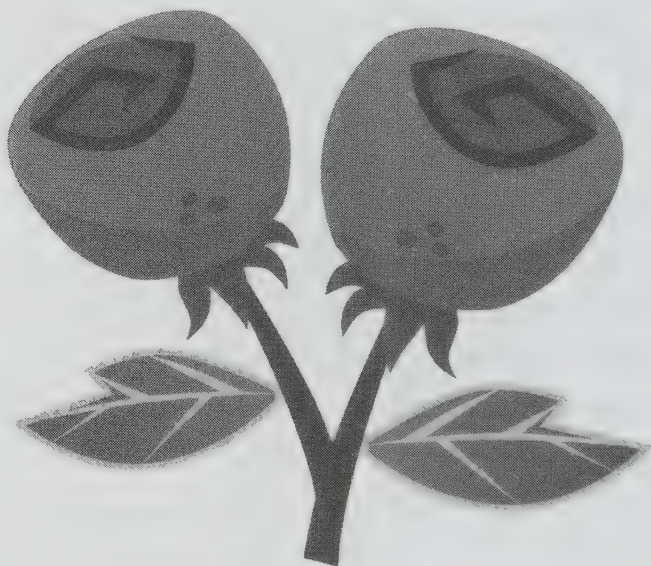
“So why don’t you just become a real turtle again?” you ask.

He clears his throat and stands a little taller. “I would love to. But for that to happen, I would need your help. Will you help me become a real turtle again?”

Help him? You have to get out of this place, and time is ticking away. Your sister has probably woken up by now and is wondering where you are. And if she can’t find you, she is going to freak out. Still, this sad little mock turtle needs you.

If you help the mock turtle, turn to page 106.

If you do not help the mock turtle, turn to page 114.



You can't risk your life (and your head) helping hedgehogs and flamingos.

"So sorry," you say. "But I'm really very late, and I just don't have the time to go back to the party." You do have the time. You just aren't going to do it.

"You're sure?" the hedgehog says.

"I'm sure," you say.

"Extra sure?" the flamingo says.

It's like they're having trouble understanding your words. But they are animals. Maybe you need to be more clear.

“I am not going to help you free the other animals,” you say loudly and clearly. There is no mistaking a single word you say.

“Well, okay,” the hedgehog says. “If that’s how it’s going to be.”

Then the flamingo grabs you and flips you upside down. Before you can argue or ask what he’s doing, he swings you side to side. Your head hits into something super hard . . . like a croquet ball. It hurts a lot. He runs to where the ball went, and he swings you again. And again.

“Wait! I changed my mind!” you shout. But they ignore you. And they play game after game after game of croquet.

The flamingo was right. It does give you a really bad headache.

THE END



You are so going to eat the tart. You grab it and in two quick bites, you devour it. It's actually better than you even imagined. What you would really like is an entire plate of these tarts. If the Knave of Hearts did steal the tarts, you can see why. Given the chance, you would steal them, too.

As you are thinking about a way to find more tarts, your plan begins to come true. You begin to grow. You step back quickly, just as you sprout up, but your foot catches on something. It's the jury box. You swipe it (accidentally), but since it was built so quickly, it falls

apart equally as fast. The animals that are sitting in the seats scatter, which is probably a good thing because you are so big now that the chances of you squashing one of them (again accidentally) are pretty good.

You step back, but your size is making you a bit clumsy, and you trip, falling backward. You land hard, hoping you didn't squash anyone (except maybe the queen—she seems like a royal pain in the backside).

Then the playing cards attack you. They go right for your face, climbing up and pummeling you with their little hands. You swat them away.

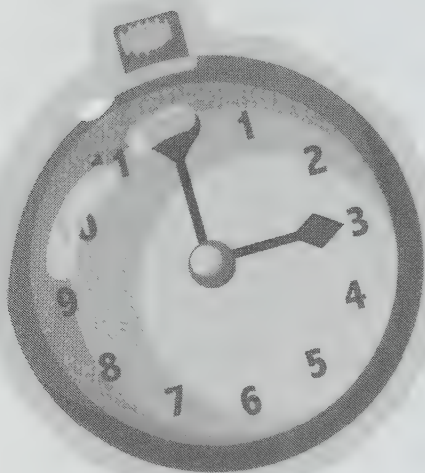
“Wake up, Alice,” someone says.

You try to open your eyes, but the cards are still attacking.

“Alice, stop!”

You finally manage to open your eyes. There you are, on the bank of the river. Leaves cover your face. Your sister is next to you, shaking you. You must've fallen asleep and the entire thing have been a dream. But it had seemed so real. Still, there is no other explanation . . . or is there?

THE END



“I’ll fix your clock,” you say, and you open up the back of the clock and start pulling out gears and springs. It looks like a giant mess, and the March Hare is convinced that you are ruining the clock. No way. You can totally do this. You try your best to keep track of where everything goes. Then you find one gear that has fallen out of place. You put it where it belongs and then put all the other gears and springs back into the clock.

You wind the clock and hold your breath. Everyone holds their breath. Then the clock begins to tick.

There are cheers and more tarts and tea, and much celebration. And it is almost four o'clock. When there are only ten seconds left, everyone stands and begins to count down, like it's New Year's Eve or something. Five . . . Four . . . Three . . . Two . . . One . . .

The clock chimes four o'clock. You look to the Cheshire Cat, but he begins to fade away. The Mad Hatter is next. Then the March Hare. Slowly, bits and pieces of the world around you vanish until there is nothing but gray left.

You stand there, unsure what to do, trying not to panic. You count the seconds. One . . . Two . . . Three . . . all the way back up to ten. Then the world begins to fill in again. But it's not Wonderland. It's your world. There is the river, and there is your sister. And, oh, look, there's a White Rabbit with a pocket watch hopping along a path. You don't follow him.

THE END



You step forward. “I have a poem for you,” you say, and then you recite it as best you can. You might have gotten a few of the words wrong, here and there, but overall, the poem is pretty awesome. The caterpillar sits back and listens, puffing out smoke. And when you finish, he claps for you with all his hands and legs.

“Bravo!” he says. “That poem has inspired me.”

“To do what?” you ask.

He stands tall (as much as a caterpillar can stand at all). “It has inspired me to remember my poem,” he

says, and then he begins to recite a poem. It's not a very good poem. It's kind of functional, with things like "turn right at the daisy" and "jump twice over the log." But then you remember seeing a daisy. And seeing a log. And everything in the poem that he is reciting you have seen.

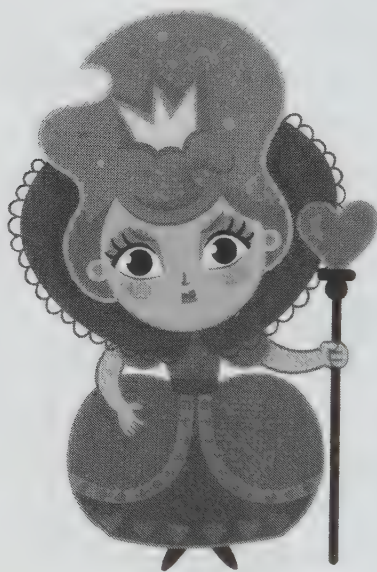
"Wait, is that the way out of Wonderland?" you ask.

He sits back down, now finished, and puffs out some smoke. "It is only a poem," he says.

You aren't so sure. You thank him and begin following the directions he gave in the poem. You see the daisies. You hop over the logs. You come around a corner when you hear rushing water. There is your sister, asleep right where you left her. The poem worked. You have found your way out of Wonderland.

You look around for some sign of the place, anything to prove that it was real. But the only thing you see is a very tiny mushroom with a little caterpillar sitting on it. A cloud of smoke surrounds it.

THE END



Of course you accept the White Queen's offer to get on the boat. Only a fool would say no to a queen.

"Sounds okay," you say, and you step aboard. Maybe it's all a trap, but you'll never know unless you try.

The boat seems magical and paddles itself out into the middle of a beautiful lake. Swans float gracefully on the water. The sun is shining. The White Queen makes small talk about the weather, the birds, the trees. It's a little boring after a while.

Then she says, "I can see the future."

Well, that isn't so boring.

"Do you want to know the future, Alice?" she asks.

You shrug. "Sure, why not?"

All the while the boat continues moving, getting closer to the other side of the lake.

"You see that forest?" the White Queen says.

You look over to see where she's pointing. The darkest, scariest forest you've ever seem looms ahead. There is no way you're setting foot in there.

"Yep," you say.

"You must go in the forest," the White Queen says.

You open your mouth to tell her no way are you going into some dark, scary forest, but then she turns into a sheep. A sheep that doesn't seem to understand you. Whatever. This place is so weird.

When the boat touches against the shore, you get out. The White Queen/sheep gets out also and runs off to start grazing in a small patch of grass.

And there you are at the edge of the forest. She'd said that you had to go in. But you don't want to.

If you go into the forest, turn to page 110.

If you don't go into the forest, turn to page 118.



Fawn or not, you can't be bothered with distractions. The woods were a distraction. Tweedledee and Tweedledum were distractions. That is enough. You need to get to the other side of the chessboard so you can be the queen.

The going is great until you come to a huge brick wall. It's blocking the path ahead, and as far as you can see, there is no way to get through it. You are going to have to climb up this side and down the other.

Brick wall climbing is not something you've taken in gym class, but you do the best you can, finding grips between the bricks. You fall twice. This is pretty treacherous. Luckily you are close to the bottom when you fall. Falling from too high and you could seriously break something. The whole thing is exhausting, but finally you reach the top.

You aren't alone. There, sitting on top of the brick wall is an egg. Well not just a regular egg. It is an egg with skinny little arms and legs wearing a funny little proper suit with a bowtie.

"Oh, hi," you say.

The egg whips around to face you. He moves so quickly that he almost loses his balance, but you steady him.

"Hello there," the egg says. "I'm Humpty Dumpty. And I've been thinking quite a bit about portmanteau words. What do you think about them?"

What you think is that you have no idea what they are.

"I have no idea what they are," you say.

"Well, let me tell you," he says. "A portmanteau word is a new word combined of two older words. Like motel. Motor hotel. Or brunch being breakfast and lunch. Can you think of any?"

You don't really want to. "No," you say.

He crosses his arms which again makes him wobble. "I'm afraid that you have to think of at least one example," Humpty Dumpty says. "If you don't, you can't continue on."

It's not like you read some rule book. Maybe this is one of the rules in getting to the other side.

“Um . . . ,” you start, and you turn to look far out at the black and white landscape.

“Help!” Humpty Dumpty cries.

You turn to see that he’s lost his balance again. You grab for him, but it’s no use. He falls, over the side of the wall. Down. Down. Then you hear a horrendous crack.

You don’t want to look. You have to look. You dare to peek over and there is Humpty Dumpty at the bottom of the wall in at least one hundred pieces. Guess you won’t have to worry about coming up with a port-manteau word.

You climb down the wall because you need to get on with your journey.

“Help me!” he cries out from a broken piece of his mouth.

There is no help for this cracked eggs. But maybe you should at least try. He was friendly after all.

If you get Humpty Dumpty help, turn to page 112.

If you leave Humpty Dumpty and continue on, turn to page 120.

You are not about to trust these animals. Not five minutes ago they were chasing you and throwing rocks at you. And sure, they're acting all nice now, but that could be an act.

"No way," you say. "I don't take food from strangers." This is of course a complete lie. You've not only taken food (in the form of rocks turned into cake), you've also had the green minty drink . . . twice!

The mouse gets really angry, like he can't believe you would say no. "You'll be sorry," he says, and then they start to advance on you again. So you take off running.

Without the house around you, the running is way easier, and you are sure you will outrun these crazy animals. But they keep chasing you. You want to slow down, because your legs hurt, and you're way out of breath, but if you stop running, the animals will catch you. And then what? You don't want to find out. So you keep running, trying to hide from them when you can. But they always seem to find you. You think this cycle will never end.

You're right.

THE END



“What a cute little pig,” you say.
“It’s a baby,” the duchess snaps.
Maybe it is a baby. It’s oinking
and looking at you with the most loving eyes. You hold
it up high in the air and it squeals with delight. Then you
play peekaboo with it, and it oinks and smiles at you.

Yes, it smiles at you.

“I really like your baby,” you say to the duchess.

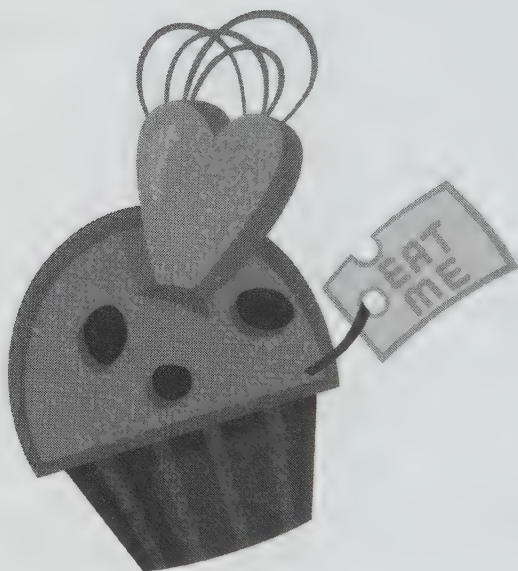
“He’s a sweet baby,” she says. “And I am looking
for a babysitter.”

It would be really fun to babysit this little pig, but you want to get back home, not stay in Wonderland, and you tell this to the duchess.

“Oh, that’s easy,” she says, and she uses her cooking spoon to point to a mirror on the wall. “That mirror will take you back and forth to your world. Just come through it every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from ten until two. That’s when I need the babysitter.”

You thank her and hand her back the baby. You aren’t sure it will really work. But sure enough, the mirror takes you home and back again, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The duchess cooks while you babysit, and the pig baby stays cute and little forever.

THE END



This is the most boring lecture in the history of the world, and there is no way you are going to be able to keep your eyes open for it. Slowly your eyelids droop and the next thing you know you're fast asleep. You dream about drinking delicious green punch and eating cake, and the sun warms you as you sleep, drying you off after your long swim in the river of tears.

Then you wake. You're being dragged away. You try to move your arms, but they are tied at your side. Your

legs are tied up also. You twist your head back to see a large bird and a mouse pulling you forward.

“Let me go!” you shout.

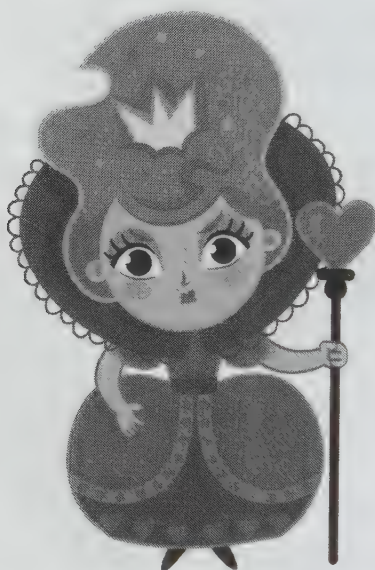
They answer in a bunch of animal grunting noises, which is infuriating because you know they can talk. They were all listening to the boring lecture after all.

“Seriously, untie me and let me go,” you say.

They grunt again and then they throw you in some kind of cage. There’s a spigot for water and a bowl of food. There is also a large wheel and a couple plastic tunnels.

Wait. This is a hamster cage, and they’ve thrown you inside. You try to talk to them, to get them to let you out, but they only watch as you run from one end of the cage to the other. This is the worst form of existence ever. If you ever get out of here—which you will—you vow to never keep animals in cages as pets ever again.

THE END



The more you think about the hedgehogs and flamingos being held against their will and used to play croquet, the worse it seems. You can't just leave them to it.

"I'll help you free them all!" you say.

They cheer for you. Then you all set out back for the Queen of Hearts and her horrible croquet game. You collect more animals along the way, forming a giant animal army. And when you reach the clearing where the party is, you storm forward, raise your arms in the air, and shout, "Rebellion!"

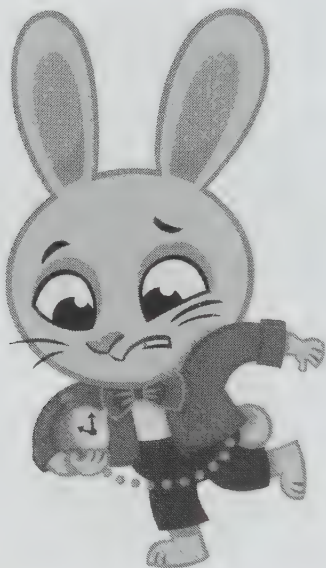
Hedgehogs and flamingos from all over the croquet course cheer and start fighting back. They fight the playing cards. They fight the other players. And then they fight the queen. She doesn't go easily, but there are so many animals and there is only one of her, and soon she is captured and thrown in jail.

The animals cheer and raise you up on their shoulders.

"Be our new queen," they say.

Being queen sounds pretty nice, and you do really like these animals, so you agree and rule over the kingdom for a few days. Then a week. Then a month. You keep thinking about how you have to get back to your world, but you really love being Queen. You get to eat yummy food, play games, and hang out with cute animals all day. The job is easy. The perks are good. One day, you will find a way to return to your world. But that day is not today.

THE END



You can talk your way out of this entire mess, easy-peasy.

“I didn’t steal the tarts,” you say loudly and clearly, just to make sure they don’t misunderstand.

“She’s guilty!” the queen shouts.

Had she not just heard you?

“But—” you start, but the playing cards grab you and tie your hands behind your back.

“What is the punishment?” the herald asks the queen.

“To prison,” the queen says.

Prison. At least you will still have your—

“And then off with her head,” the queen says.

Uh oh. You gulp.

They drag you off to prison and throw you into a cell. It smells like mouse pee and hopelessness. “Stay here until she’s ready to chop your head off,” one of the playing cards says, and then he locks the cell door.

No way. You have got to find a way to escape.

You rush to the window and pull on the bars. They are not budging. But you do see the White Rabbit outside. He seems in a bit of a hurry, but he may be able to help you get out of here. Of course he’s the reason that you’re here in the first place. Maybe trusting the White Rabbit isn’t a good idea. He might tell the queen and get them to chop off your head sooner.

If you ask the White Rabbit for help, turn to page 108.

If you find a way out on your own, turn to page 116.

You don't have time to fix the clock. You've been at this party long enough.

"I'm out of here," you say, and you stand up and walk away, down a path and into the woods. You walk for a solid hour, and then you hear voices. Slowly you tiptoe over to them. There is a table set up with a tea party going on.

The same tea party.

You back up and take a different path. An hour later you come upon the tea party again. No matter which direction you go, you keep coming back to it. It's everywhere. And finally, with defeat, the next time you see it, you sink down into one of the chairs and have a tart.

"Can I fix your clock?" you ask.

"Doubt it," the March Hare says.

But you get up anyway and open the back. The inside of the clock is empty. There is no way to fix it because it's only a decoration, not even a real clock. And you realize in that moment, at three o'clock, that you will be a guest at this tea party for the rest of your life.

THE END



“I have no interest in hearing your story,” you say. “And I am not going to talk to you anymore.”

You know it sounds a bit blunt, but no talking to animals means no talking to animals.

“You’re sure?” he asks.

You nod but don’t say a word, because you are done talking to him.

“You’ll be sorry!” he shouts, and then he starts chasing you.

You turn and run. Thankfully he’s a turtle, and he’s kind of slow, and soon you outrun him. You turn back, just to make sure he’s not following you. There is no sign of him. But when you turn back and take another step, your foot does not land on solid ground. Instead you start falling.

You fall down down down a giant hole. And maybe it’s the hole you came through initially. You really hope so. But you just keep falling and you never stop.

THE END



With as weird as things are here, there is no telling what will happen if you recite a poem for this caterpillar. It's best to be cautious. Maybe you should talk to him a little bit longer and see if he'll tell you the way out. You step closer to the mushroom. It smells amazing.

"So tell me about Wonderland," you say, and you take a bite from the left side of the mushroom. Immediately you begin to grow.

"Wonderland is full of magic," the caterpillar says.

As he continues on, you take a bite from the right side of the mushroom. It makes you smaller. But now you're a little too small, so you go back to the other side and take another bite from there.

The caterpillar doesn't seem to notice, which gives you time to get your perfect size back. You go from one side of the mushroom to the other, taking bites, growing and shrinking, but never seeming to be able to get it just right. You're getting way too big. So you scoot around to the right and eat more of the mushroom. It works a little too well. You shrink, but it's way too much.

You head around to the other side, but you have made a grave mistake. The mushroom is entirely gone.

The caterpillar now sits on the ground where the mushroom used to be. You are tiny. And before you can ask him for help, he opens his mouth and swallows you whole.

THE END



You aren't about to get on some boat with the White Queen. After all, she might be trying to stop you from becoming a queen. How many queens can Wonderland have, anyway? This might be a trap to drown you in the river or something equally horrible.

"No thanks," you say. "I have people to see and places to go."

The White Queen's face begins to turn red, making her not seem like so much of a White Queen after all. More like an Angry Red Queen.

“Are you sure?” she asks, stepping forward.

You step back. She is definitely mad. Maybe people don’t really say no to her very often.

“I’m sure,” you say.

She sniffs and tries to pretend like she’s not angry even though her eyes are livid.

“Well, just remember, you only have yourself to blame,” she says. Then she grabs her crown and leans her head toward you. Magic pours from the crown and hits you right in the chest.

Wool sprouts out of your skin. Your legs buckle, and the next thing you know, you have four hooves instead of hands and feet. You try to say something to her, but it comes out sounding like a bleat.

She’s turned you into a sheep, and there is nothing you can do about.

THE END



Now that you remember who you are and you know the animal is a fawn, you have so many questions to ask it. Maybe it can help you get to the other side of this giant chessboard also.

“Wait!” you call, and you run, following it on a path in the grassy world. The path curves a bit, but the fawn sticks to it, and soon it’s entering a bunch of trees.

You hesitate. There is something about the tree. But the fawn ran in there and seems fine. So you hurry after it.

You’re five steps in when you can’t remember your name. You can’t remember where you are. And you think you should get out of the woods, but you can’t remember why. So you stay there forever.

THE END

You are not a servant to these two queens. Who do they think you are to throw them a party? You are a queen now after all, the same as them. You are not some party planner.

“How about you two throw me a party instead?” you say. “Because I’m not throwing you one.”

“Did you hear her?” the Red Queen says to the White Queen.

“Such a horrible girl,” the White Queen says to the Red Queen.

You cross your arms. You stand by your decision.

Then they summon two pawns who grab you and throw you in a dungeon.

“You are out of the chess game forever,” the Red Queen says.

Well that wasn’t exactly how you’d thought things would go. You stand by the window of your dungeon, trying to convince every single pawn you see to trade themselves in and get you out of the dungeon, but none of them every do.

You should have thrown the party.

THE END

You try to smile at the mock turtle so he thinks you're happy to help him . . . which you are. He's a cute little mock turtle. You always wanted a turtle for a pet. Not that you want this turtle for a pet. But maybe once you're home, you'll get one. Anyway.

"I'll help you," you say. "What do we have to do?"

The mock turtle gets a huge smile on his face. "We must go to a party and eat soup."

You wait for him to say more, but that's it. And nothing about it seems very difficult at all. Also nothing about it seems to have your help as being required, but it's too late to back out now.

You stand up. "Lead the way," you say. A party and soup might be great. Oh wait, you are not eating or drinking anything else. There is no telling what will happen to you next.

The mock turtle leads you away from the river to another river, and there by the edge of it is a giant lobster and a creature with wings and a beak.

"Meet the gryphon and the lobster," the mock turtle says.

You introduce yourself, and then they hand the mock turtle a giant bowl of soup. They don't even

offer you any (Not that you want any! Remember?). He drinks it down and kind of transforms in front of your eyes back into a real turtle.

“Thank you,” he says.

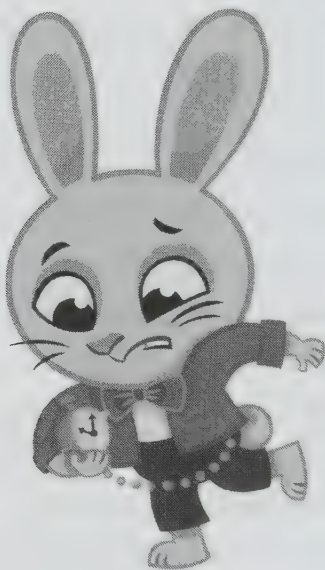
“You’re welcome,” you reply, even though you didn’t do anything.

Then the four of you dance and dance, because it is a party after all. And after the dancing, there is cake, and when you eat it, nothing bad happens. Then you dance some more. Finally, you are so full and exhausted and you can’t take another moment of this. You sink down to the ground and fall fast asleep. And in your sleep, you dream you are dancing, around and around and back up the rabbit hole. And when you wake up, there you are by the side of the river. But there is no turtle, gryphon, or lobster. There is only your sister, also just waking up from a nap.

“How did you sleep?” she asks you.

You think about this. “I had the strangest dream,” you finally say.

THE END



““H ey, you!” you whisper to the White Rabbit.

He stops hopping along for a moment and turns, as if he’s trying to figure out where the voice is coming from.

“Over here,” you say, and you tap on the bars.

The White Rabbit hops over. “Oh, it’s you. You know that you never should have followed me, right?”

That’s pretty obvious. Nothing like twenty-twenty hindsight.

"I was hoping you could help me," you say, and you wink at him, hoping he gets that you are asking for his help getting out of here.

"I'm late," the White Rabbit says.

Always late with this guy. "You should plan ahead a little better," you say. "Then you won't be late all the time."

He glares at you and chomps his front teeth.

"Can you get me out of here?" you ask.

At this his eyes light up. "Oh certainly. The queen will be thrilled that you want to move up her plans." And before you can process his words, he hops off.

Within moments, your cell door is being thrown open. The herald cries, "The time has come."

And they drag you back to the queen.

"Off with her head," she says.

You fight and try to escape, but these playing cards are really strong. You spot the White Rabbit who grins at you and uses his finger to draw a line across his throat. And that is the last thing you see.

THE END



You don't want to go into the forest, but you want to be the queen of Wonderland, and if the White Queen really can see the future, then you're going to have to go into the forest.

You take a deep breath and follow the path into the dark, scary forest. The huge trees block out most of the light. There are weird sounds everywhere. But you push forward, trying to convince yourself there is nothing to be afraid of.

That's when you see a Red Knight charging right for you. He has a sword out and looks like he's going to run you through.

"I've come to capture you for the queen!" he shouts.

Oh. That's not good.

You look for an escape, but before you can even formulate a thought, someone grabs you and hauls you up onto a horse. It's the White Knight.

"I've come to rescue you, Alice," he says, and with his arm firmly around you, he leads his horse at a run away from the Red Knight.

Once everything seems to have calmed down, he starts reciting a poem. He starts out okay, but then with every line of poetry that comes out of his mouth, he almost falls off his horse. This is not a safe situation.

"Are you okay?" you ask him.

This seems to snap him out of his stupor.

"Only if you come with me," he says.

Come with him where? That's a little strange. But he did just rescue you. Maybe he's trying to get you to the other side of the chessboard and help you.

If you go with the White Knight, turn to page 128.

If you do not go with the White Knight, turn to page 122.



You can't leave this poor cracked egg here to die.

"I'll get help!" you say, and you rush off, looking for anyone. Like magic, when you round a corner, there is a White Knight riding a horse with an army behind him.

"Humpty Dumpty needs help," you say, and you lead all the knight's horse and all the knight's men to where the cracked egg is.

These knights don't mess around. One of them pulls out a giant roll of tie-dye duct tape, and they get

to work, piecing him back together like a giant jigsaw puzzle. When they are finished, you have to give them credit. Sure, Humpty Dumpty is covered in tons of duct tape, but every piece is in the right spot.

“You did it!” you say.

“Yes,” the White Knight says. “And now we attack.”

“You have no idea who he’s attacking, but a bunch of weird creatures are coming right for the army. There is a lion, a unicorn, a short little guy wearing a giant hat, and an oversized rabbit, just to name a few.

You edge backwards, hoping not to get caught up in the fight, when the short guy in the hat hurries over to you.

“Want to go to a party instead of fighting?” he asks.

Heck yeah you do. But what if the party is a trap? And you don’t know who he is.

If you go to the party, turn to page 126.

If you stay and fight, turn to page 132.



Yes, you feel a bit sorry for the mock turtle, but you don't really have time to help him.

“As much as I would like to help you,” you say, “I really need to be going.”

Disbelief covers the mock turtle's face. “You aren't going to help me? Not even after that really sad story?”

You shake your head. “Nope. And if you could possibly point the way out of this place, that would be really great.”

He cocks his head. "Let me get this straight. You aren't going to help me, but you want me to help you? Isn't that a little bit selfish?"

Well when he puts it that way, it does sound selfish. But that wasn't your intent.

"Never mind," you say, and you stand up. Your dress is almost dry, anyway. You look around, trying to see if there is any clue about how you are supposed to get out of here. But when you turn back to the turtle, he's only a foot away from you.

"Oh!" you say, and you jump back. But you stumble on a rock and fall back to the ground.

"Oh," he says. Then he opens his mouth. He has giant teeth. He also has a giant mouth. Then he swallows you whole.

THE END



No way can you trust the White Rabbit. That guy totally works for the queen. He will turn you over to the queen so fast, you won't have time to blink. You watch him though, spotting him going into a watch shop down the street.

Something rattles the lock on your door. When you turn, there is one of the playing cards, the Two of Spades, bringing you some food.

"You like your job here?" you ask him.

He sets the tray down and shakes his head. "It's the most dreadful job possible. Every day I worry she'll chop off my head. Every day the other cards bully me."

A plan begins to form in your head.

"Bet you'd like to get out of here," you say.

His face falls. "It's impossible. There is nowhere else to go."

"Oh how wrong you are," you say, and you tell him about your world, back up the rabbit hole.

"If only someday I could go there," the Two of Spades says.

“If you free me, I’ll take you there,” you say.

A huge grin forms on his face. “Deal.”

And without another word, he frees you from the cell. The two of you sneak to where you can watch for the White Rabbit, and when you see him exit the watch shop, you follow him. He’s hurrying, like always, so you have to run to keep up. You grab the card and carry him since his little legs can’t keep up very well. Then the White Rabbit comes to a hole in the ground. Without a second thought, he jumps in.

You follow, and you only fall for a few moments. When the world clears, the White Rabbit is nowhere to be found. But the path is there that you took earlier. You rush down it, and there is your sister, still sleeping on the bank of the river.

The Two of Spades loves your world, and you promise him that he will never have to go back to the evil queen. You keep him with you always, and he becomes your best friend. Of course everyone thinks you have an imaginary friend, and when you try to tell them that you have a talking playing card, they think you are crazy. This also makes him your only friend.

THE END



See the future! What a bunch of baloney. The White Queen could not see the future, and you do not need to go into the forest.

“I’m not going into the stupid forest,” you yell at the sheep.

It bleats in response.

Well, if it’s not the forest, then it must be something else. You look around, considering your options. But the only thing besides the tiny patch of grass where the sheep is grazing is the forest. So you get back on the boat.

It floats away from the shore, but instead of drifting out to the center of the lake, a new river extends from it. The boat magically paddles down the river, leaving the White Queen/sheep far behind.

You eat some snacks while you enjoy the boat ride. The river gets wider and wider. The forest becomes nothing but an outline on the horizon. Pretty soon you can't see anything but water.

You eat some more snacks. And then you run out of snacks. You are going to have to find food somewhere or you'll starve on this boat. You also have to get back on the right path so you can get to the other side of the chessboard and become queen of Wonderland. You consider all other options, but you are going to have to take control.

You pick up the paddles and begin steering the boat yourself. You can find the mainland yourself. You paddle for days, and still can't find it. But you do see an island not too far away. Maybe you should stop there and look for food.

If you stop on the island, turn to page 130.

If you keep looking for the mainland, turn to page 124.



You feel kind of bad for Humpty Dumpty, but it's not like he can be put back together again.

"I don't have time to help," you say, and you hurry off. On your way, you pass a White Knight and an army with horses. You think about asking them for directions, but they are hurrying toward the wall. When you turn to look back, they are next to Humpty Dumpty, and they actually seem to be trying to put him back together again.

No, not trying. Actually doing it. And when Humpty Dumpty finally stands, he raises a skinny little arm and points directly at you.

Uh oh.

Humpty Dumpty and the entire army come for you. You try to outrun them, but they are too fast. And when they reach you, the White Knight jumps down and grabs you.

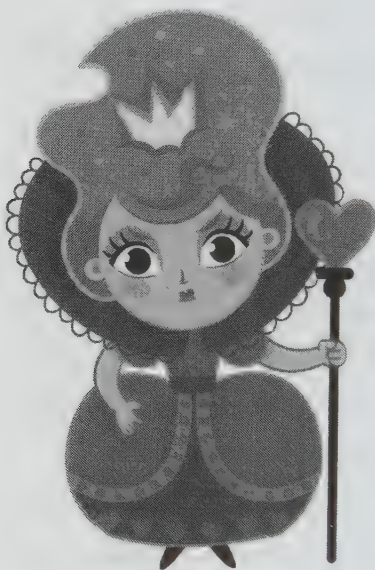
“Your punishment,” Humpty Dumpty says, and he again points at you. But this time, magic seems to flow from his fingertips into you.

You feel your skin harden. You can’t move your legs. Or your arms. You try to point at him, to ask what he’s doing, but your finger breaks off.

Oh no! You are made of porcelain. Or ceramic. Or something. It doesn’t really matter what. All that matters is that you can’t move. He’s put a curse on you.

People from all around Wonderland come to see you because they think you are a rare sculpture. You try to talk to them, to ask them to find a way to break the curse. But you can’t risk moving your lips or they will break off, too.

THE END



Sure, the White Knight rescued you, but you don't owe him anything. And he's a little weird, what with the poetry making him fall off his horse thing. You aren't sure staying with him is the best idea.

You mumble some excuses about needing to get on with things and get to the other side of the chessboard. The White Knight doesn't seem the least bit upset. Instead he says, "If you go that way, just through those trees, you'll find the edge of the chessboard." Then he rides his horse away.

Well that was fortunate. You definitely made the right choice. You hurry in the direction he pointed and sure enough, he was telling the truth. There is the edge of the chessboard!

“You did it!” someone shouts.

There, on one of the squares, stands the Red Queen. On another square stands the White Queen.

“You’re a queen now, Alice,” the White Queen says.

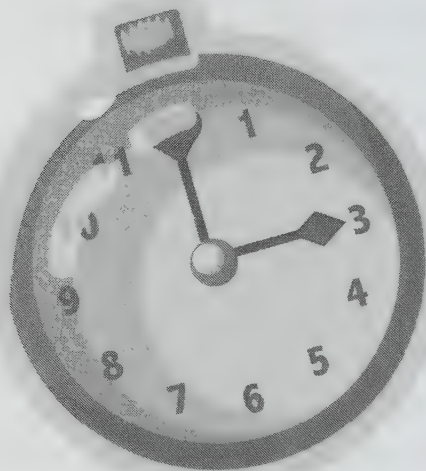
“And as such, you must throw us a party,” the Red Queen says.

“Yes, a party,” the White Queen says.

A party? You didn’t just trek across all of Wonderland, risking your life, to throw these two stupid queens a party. But you do like parties. Maybe you can throw this party and then get on with your queenly duties of ruling Wonderland.

If you throw the party, turn to page 134.

If you do not throw the party, turn to page 105.



You can't be distracted, and that is all the island is. A distraction. You have to stay on course. Find the mainland again. So you do not head toward the island. But you are still hungry.

You consider your options and decide that you are going to have to fish. Thankfully, the White Queen has a fishing rod packed in the boat. You dip it into the water, and not ten seconds later you catch a fish! You are a natural at this. And it's a big fish, too.

"You're not going to eat me, are you?" the fish says.

"Um . . .," you say.

Then it looks at you with really big eyes, and you realize that you can't eat this fish no matter what.

"I'm really hungry," you say to the fish.

It's eyes go wide. "I have an idea. Throw me back in the water and I'll get you food."

It's probably just making sure you don't eat it, but you toss it back into the water. Two minutes go by. Your stomach grumbles the entire time. But then the fish surfaces, and in its mouth is a huge chunk of seaweed. It looks gross, but you are so hungry that you don't care. You eat the seaweed and the fish brings you more.

The next day the fish returns, but this time, he has a bunch of fish friends with him, and they all fetch you delicacies from the sea floor. You eat everything they bring you. And you keep looking for land. You are starting to think you will never find it again. The days go by. You eat seaweed, talking to the fish for fun. And that is how you spend the rest of your life.

THE END



You're a partier, not a fighter. You would pick a party any day over a fight.

"Lead the way," you say to the short guy in the hat. He tells you that his name is the Mad Hatter.

The Mad Hatter leads the way, through the world. There are all sorts of strange creatures, and he tells each of them about the party. "It starts at three o'clock sharp," he says.

You hope you aren't late.

"Who's party is it?" you ask.

He gives you a weird look, like you should really know the answer to this question. Then he says, "Duh." So you don't ask again.

Finally you come to a cute little house with a giant table in the backyard. But there are no party decorations. No food or drinks. No music.

"Where's the party?" you ask, motioning at the nothingness around you.

"Here," the Mad Hatter says.

“But there are no decorations. There’s no food,” you say.

He crosses his arms and sinks into a chair. “Well you better get to work then. The party starts at three o’clock.”

Oh. It’s your party. And if that is the case, you are going to make it the best party in the world. You decorate and plan the food and drinks. You hire a mouse to be your DJ. You task a caterpillar to get some party favors. And then the guests begin to arrive.

Everyone has an amazing time . . . even you. And when the party is over, even though you are exhausted, you don’t want it to end.

“Can we have another party tomorrow?” you ask.

“Of course,” the Mad Hatter says. “And every day after that.”

And that is exactly what you do. People from all over Wonderland come to your parties. The Red Queen even comes one time and is duly impressed. When you kind of suggest that you want to go back to your world, she tells you that if you do, she will cut off your head. So you stay there forever and throw party after party after party.

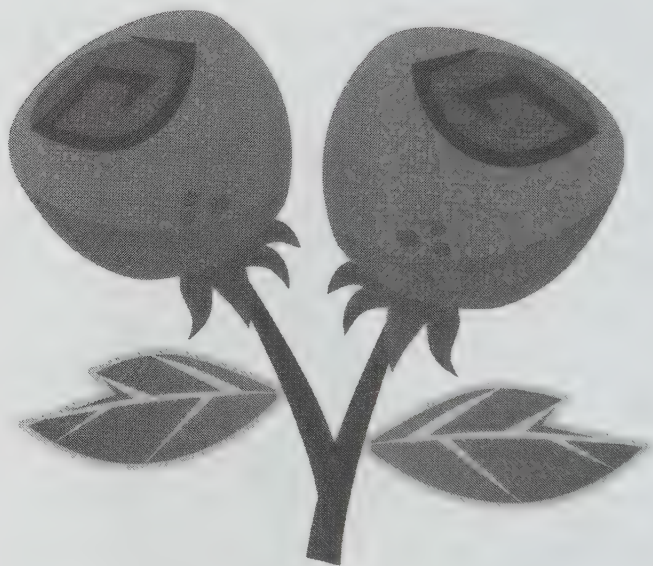
THE END

The White Knight could definitely be helping you, so you agree to go with him. You make chit chat at first, but the more you talk to him, the more you really like him. He's easy to get along with, and he's kind of cute. He defends you from all the monsters of Wonderland. He picks beautiful flowers for you. He sings you poetry (and doesn't even fall off his horse while doing it). And before long you realize that you are falling madly in love with the White Knight.

Days go by. Then weeks. You stop asking where the edge of the chessboard is. You don't mention wanting to go home, because now you don't want to leave him ever. And you stay there, with the White Knight, in Wonderland for the rest of your life.

THE END





You consider your options, but your stomach is rumbling because you're starving. You have to stop at the island and look for food.

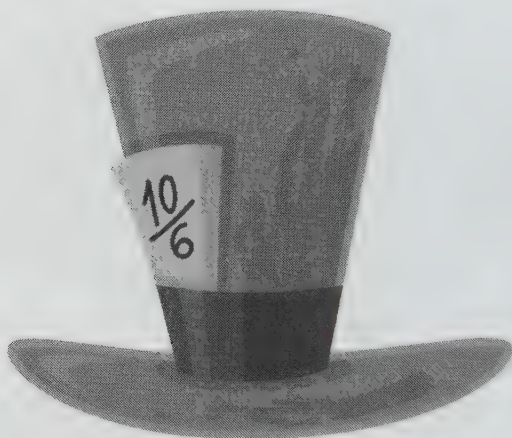
The closer you get to the island, the more appealing it looks. The colors are vivid green and blue and yellow and orange. There are plants and small animals. It almost sounds like there is music coming from the island. And when you land, all your expectations are met. You don't see any people there (or any talking animals for that matter), but there is fruit and cheese and meat, almost like there is a magical food buffet going on. You

eat a bunch. Then you fall asleep because you're so full. When you wake up, you eat some more.

You collect some fruit to bring back with you onto the boat. But when you head back to shore to get on the boat, it has drifted away. You can just make it out, floating on the water, paddles rowing, getting farther and farther away.

Well that's just great. You are going to have to find another boat. But you look and look, day after day, but never find one. Maybe someday someone else will come to the island on a boat and you can leave then, but until that day, you are stuck on the island. At least the food is good.

THE END



You can't run off to some party when they actually seem to really need you here. Also you know nothing about this short guy in the hat. And he seems a little crazy if you have to be completely honest.

"I'm staying to fight," you say.

"Whatever," the short guy in the hat says, and he and the giant rabbit run off.

Now back to the fight. Humpty Dumpty has climbed back to the top of the wall. Not a good idea. The knights are fighting. The lion and unicorn are fighting. But you can't really tell which side is which or what the fight is about. So you decide to side with the unicorn.

You hurry over to him and stay by his side through the fight, protecting him the same way he protects you. And when the fight is over, the unicorn wins (whatever that means).

“How can I thank you for your help?” the unicorn asks.

Well that’s easy. “Can you show me the way back to my world?” you ask. You’ve had enough of Wonderland. You don’t want to be Queen that bad.

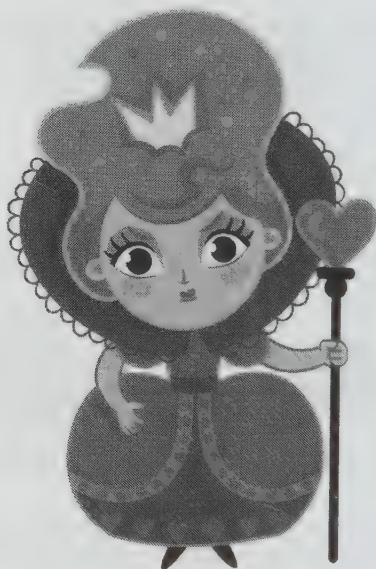
“Sure,” the unicorn says. “I’m a magical unicorn. I’ll happily show you the way back if I can come along. Please?”

Like he has to ask? Who wouldn’t want a unicorn to hang out with all the time?

“Okay,” you say.

And the unicorn magically transports you back to your world, to the river where your sister is just waking up. She spots the unicorn and is sure she’s still asleep. But after you convince her that she’s not, everything is cool. The unicorn lives in your backyard, and everyone at school wants to be your friend.

THE END



You do enjoy parties, and why not celebrate becoming a queen of Wonderland? And also, if you plan it, you can have the party exactly how you want.

“Let’s do this thing,” you say, and you plan the party for the next week straight. Everything is going to be perfect.

Finally party day is here. The cake collapses. The food comes alive and runs off. The drinks make people grow big and small, destroying all the buildings and

crushing all the chairs. The DJ gets stepped on. The entire party is a disaster.

“You are horrible at throwing parties,” the Red Queen says, like this is somehow all your fault. It’s totally not your fault. It’s the fault of Wonderland. This place is crazy.

“Yeah, well, you’re a horrible queen,” you say.

The Red Queen lunges forward and grabs you, and you fight back.

Then you wake to find yourself holding the black kitten, not the Red Queen. Wait, the Red Queen was the black kitten, the White Queen was the white kitten, and this whole thing was a dream all along. But if that’s true, then what if Tweedledee and Tweedledum were right about the Red King dreaming you up? What if the Red King is dreaming everything, and none of this is real? If so, you hope he never wakes up.

THE END

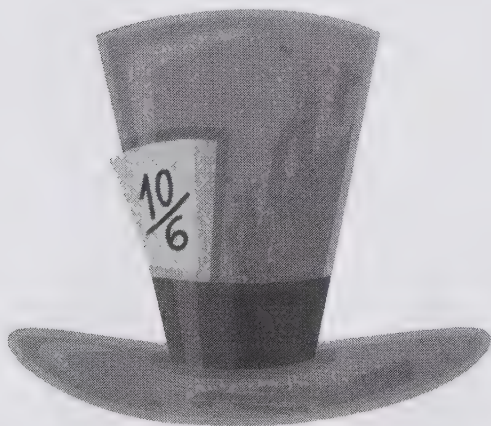
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Connor Hoover would like to wear fancy hats like the Mad Hatter because hats are cool. Connor lives in Austin, Texas with two tortoises, two dogs, keeps way better track of time than the white rabbit, and dreams up new twists on old stories.

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YOU FALL DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE

There you are having a picnic, minding your own business, when a white rabbit with a pocket watch hops by. You follow him (of course) and wind up in Wonderland. But now you have choices to make. Do you try to become the new queen? Do you look for a way out? Do you free the flamingos and hedgehogs being used in the queen's croquet game? Or do you just eat cake and tarts? The choices are yours!

Remember, you can't turn back. Sorry! Once you make a choice, it can't be changed.

CHOOSE WISELY :)



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